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probably favor apartheid. Regrettably, this could not be explained persuasively or tactfully, or even at all, in the UN.

What a charming man the President is, in or out of his rocking chair. It sounds as if one were talking of a Schweppes tonic advertisement, or a fashion model, when one speaks of his sense of style. He has it in extraordinary degree; in different fashion, Monnet, with austerity, makes guests and auditors feel they are being regaled with nectar and philosophy; Kennedy, with the panoply of luxury at his disposal, makes one feel everything is cordial, simple, and that caviar is for the general.

Today, he must come to grips with the Mississippi situation. He has a chance to break the back of segregation; I am convinced he will take it in his broadcast tonight.

The conversation was vital, but inconclusive. I [redacted] wanted Home to see the President in some degree of intimacy, so that those two strong characters might reach, not in substance but in sympathy, some appreciation of each other's exceptional merits. I have the impression this was done.

The outlanders returned to New York on the same DC6 elegant propeller residential plane. How glorious it would be to be President if one had the perquisites and not the responsibilities.

I quitted the others at La Guardia, then ~~mounted the ship to be wafted upward~~ and downward, almost in a breath, to Idlewild, where Pierre Salinger, after a few days in France, was to board her, Washington bound.

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I am enthusiastic about the President, provided his judgment is scund. ~~He is a chic egghead, and I should imagine, if one knew him in as much intimacy as one might be permitted to know a Chief of State, an unusual character. His courtesy is sheer Eighteenth Century,~~ [redacted] his curiosity insatiable, his power of